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75 Dec. 30, 1899. The temperature during the past week has been below freezing-point. Beginning with Thursday the thermometer has registered lower and lower each day, so that to-day is probably the coldest day, thus far, of the season. We met at the Catonsville terminus, well loaded down, each with a hatchet besides our package of lunch, for to-day we intended to do our house-building. We went our regular route to the ravine <sup>far</sup> for we wanted to see our brook from the beginning now in the throes of Jack Frost. Snow is still lying on the ground, for although hardly an inch of it fell last Wed. evaporation has proceeded very slowly and the sun has melted <sup>it</sup> but very little. One of the first things that attracted our attention was the impression of various foot<sup>prints</sup>steps. Two of these were met with quite frequently; we concluded that they had been made by the rabbit and the squirrel. At one place several little birds attracted our attention. But what interested us most was the brook. Why was it, that in many places it was not frozen, when in one deep quiet place

we found the ice over 3 in. thick, and at the various cascades, where the water is <sup>in</sup> constant motion, beautiful frost-work of solid ice? At some places we readily understood the reason - here, a stream of spring water, which had not come from a distance great enough to become cold would be the cause. We noticed this, best of all, at the Bluff. Here a stream of comparatively warm water has not frozen where it empties into the brook; The stream to reach this level has descended so very abruptly that at first one is quite puzzled to see such a large area of water surrounded by ice. But at other places we failed to understand <sup>its</sup> presence, occurring, as <sup>it</sup> they did apparently, under various conditions. When we reached Camp Cozy we had to decide where we would build our house; We had already partly determined to build on the hillside near the pine forest, but now we felt as if we could never leave Camp Cozy. So we thought of the hillside in the rear. Here we found a high rock facing the south a tree on the east side, which would help to make the protection on that side. We decided to build the house

against this rock. Close to the rock and leaning firmly against it were planted two stout pieces of wood, <sup>about 5 feet apart.</sup> The piece towards the east was connected with the tree by a lattice work of young beech branches which still retained most of their leaves. In this lattice work more leaves were firmly wedged and in a short time we had quite a wind guard, effectually keeping off all wind from the east and north-east. The piece towards the west was connected in like manner with a stout tree trunk which we were first obliged to put in place. With this completed we were protected very securely from all <sup>cold northerly</sup> winds, our house at the same time being open towards the south receiving the full benefit of the sun. With this work completed we started to prepare dinner. When we began to eat we found that our house was quite a protection; we, however thought of quite a number of little conveniences, which would make it still warmer and which we hope to arrange in the future. After dinner we put the rubber cloth which will serve as the roof in a tin can, carefully wrapped up the hatchet, which Mr. W. had brought, and

199. \* Probably the entire day - certainly the entire time we were out  
8 A.M.  $-40^{\circ}$ , 8 P.M.  $40^{\circ}$ , highest during day  $51^{\circ}$ .

hid both close to the camp. It was after four o'clock and as we wished to see more of the brook we thought it time to leave. At the cascades the brook was remarkably pretty and we wished we had more time to examine the various frost formations more minutely. The scene immediately before reaching these cascades was ~~was~~ very impressive; here, the brook forces through a very narrow gap and is turned from its course by a third high hill immediately beyond the gap. We are apparently hemmed in on all sides; the hill sides <sup>are</sup> now covered with snow, <sup>which makes</sup> ~~made~~ everything stand out in bold relief. When we left the ravine, it was quite dark; we therefore went towards Orange Grove, and took Hilton Av. Reaching the terminus we learned that the thermometer had been as low as  $4^{\circ}$  at Elliott City and at  $6^{\circ}$  and  $10^{\circ}$  at Cottonville.

76 Jan. 6. 1900. During the past week, it has gradually become warmer; to-day the thermometer was above freezing point at least 6 hours. Our trip to-day was to Glenburnie, Marley, the old Furnace and Sarracenia Pond. We took the 8.50 A.M. train. The morning was cloudy, rather foggy, and <sup>apparently</sup> threatening rain. Noticing that the wind was

from the north-west, we felt quite sure of a rainier day. Arrived at G. we were quite surprised, G. had at last received a station. We started at once to M. taking that pretty path through the woods. Reaching the branch our first visit was to old Mrs. R. where we (again) heard how much better cake was made in Germany than here. The branch now completely frozen over is beautiful to behold. After visiting the old lady and after tasting the persimmons, which strange to say are very astringent drawing one's mouth up now, more than when they first were becoming ripe, we went to the bridge and examined the branch beyond it. What attracted our attention most was to see an open channel <sup>about 2 to 3 ft. w.</sup> worn through the ice extending from (a point) where the branch gradually narrows into the brook, to the bridge under which was a broad sheet of water - this winding channel being no doubt the continuation of the warm water of the brook. The ice near the shore was at least 6 in. thick. We tried <sup>as</sup> an experiment, to melt <sup>a hole through</sup> the ice by building a fire directly upon it, we did not succeed in the short time at our disposal. (About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs.)

It was now after 12 o'clock, and as we wished to eat dinner at the old Furnace we decided to start. When we reached the little inlet, the tide was rushing out, the rocks were already laid bare and but a narrow stream of about 2 ft. in width was all that remained to be crossed. The scene here too, was a most beautiful one, the water completely frozen from shore to shore. We wished very much to get on the ice, but as the tide was now very low, there was a very slanting slide from the shore and right at the head where the ice became level, it was apparently treacherous. Near the spring we prepared dinner. After dinner we went to Saracenia pond. How beautifully crimsoned are the patches of the Pitcher plant! In some were solid humps of ice. Ice on the ponds was fully 6 in. thick. A large area had been cut and the ice removed. Where the branch enters the pond was also a large unfrozen area. Going home we stopped a short time at Mr. H's. It was quite dark when we left the house and started homeward. Arrived home about 8 P.M. The night was slightly hazy.

Jan. 13. 1900. What a beautiful spring-like morning! how balmy and clear is the air! It was so grand that reaching the Cantonville terminus a little ahead of Mr. W. I stood out in the open air to enjoy it, rather than go into the waiting room. How beautiful sounded the chimies (from) the church in C., and how distinctly could I hear the cars passing over the Ellsworth City route. Mr. W. came on the next car. This time we proposed going down Hilton Ave. Our primary object was to get a few boards from the mill at Orange Grove. What a destruction of forest is being carried on along this avenue! What an awful sight it is to see the felling of these handsome trees and their final splitting up into cord wood and posts! The pretty woods are gradually going one after the other. Reaching the mill we got permission to take a couple of boards. With these we started for "the rocks." It was quite a task carrying them through the woods; not being as careful as we ought to have been we went to the southeast instead of to the west. In righting our direction we became separated and

were soon so far apart that we no longer heard each other's signals. I, however, soon reached the rocks; here, at last I was able to make myself heard. Mr. W. was quite a distance away, on towards the camp; by directing him with my voice he ~~soon~~ retraced his steps and was soon besides me. On our first visit to these rocks we thought the place a very desirable one for a camp. It is so picturesque, so out of the way, so high. We thought surely we could find a nice cozy place behind or I should say in front of one of those almost perpendicular crags, and facing the south. We, however, looked in vain, they all run N. & S. We finally decided to build on the summit and soon collected a lot of stone for the lower part of our house. We wished very much to have the house facing the ravine, but this was impossible as this would be directly west and north west. About 12 o'clock we stopped our work and started for our camp, where we intended to eat dinner\*. On our way to the ravine, we found some nests of the *Juglans cinerea*, still in good condition; Mr. W. collected a little supply to take home. Here too, I found

a pretty Earth-star. We even reached the ravine  
 Our place of entering being again, like on our first visit  
 to the rocks, at the cascades. How pretty these were  
 to-day, owing to the recent rain (Fri & Thurs.) the water  
 was gushing over, this alone was beautiful enough  
 but to set the picture off the little streams which  
 only trickle over were one mass of ice, this pretty  
 footwork together with the fringe of ice along the edge  
 of the brook made a most beautiful picture. We  
 stood a long time enjoying the pretty scene before us.  
 We crossed the brook and started up the ravine to  
 the camp. Here we prepared dinner and staid the rest  
 of the day. Here we felt so comfortable, so at home  
 that we concluded it not to exchange for the rocks.  
 After dinner we made a little excursion up the hill-  
 side, back of our house. Here a decided path may be  
 noticed, this did not please us very much, although  
 we have never, in these many trips met a single person.  
 From the top of our hillside a pretty view may be had  
 of the brook. How pretty it looked, like a little river

winding its course at the foot of the hill. To-day, too, with its pretty fringe of frost-work, it could be seen, so prominently and for so great a distance. On the hill-side may still be found many hickory nuts, which have <sup>only</sup> recently fallen; quite a number of trees <sup>are</sup> still waiting for a heavy wind to bring down the fruit which they still hold. About 5 o'clock we broke camp and started for home returning the way we entered during the morning.

At Candle-camp the candle is still in position.

We <sup>reached</sup> returned home about 8.15 P.M.

<sup>78</sup> Jan. 20. 1900. For the past three days there has been rain. Last night I thought surely I would wake to find the weather clear, but there was still the fine rain, <sup>with</sup> <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ most people <sup>were</sup> <sup>surprised</sup> ~~had their fill of~~. I felt really glad of it and hoped it would rain a little harder for it had been so long since we were out in a day of rain, that I longed somewhat for its experience. We were to meet at Catonsville terminus at 8.30 A.M. When I got there, the rain had ceased but there was quite a dense fog. Mr. W. soon joined me, and we started on our trip down Hilton Av. The avenue was

very muddy and at some places almost impassable. Near  
 one of the houses a little fox terrier came out, made friends  
 with us and followed us in our tramp, sometimes he  
 would be gone only to reappear at some unexpected  
 point. On our way we frequently stopped to examine  
 the beautiful lichens and mosses, which were now in  
 their glory. At several places a pretty species of puff-  
 ball was seen, somewhat similar to the one noticed  
 Nov. 18. 99. but very much larger. The spores were of a pure white  
 and just the slightest touch sent them out in thousands.  
 Reaching Orange Lake we crossed the Patuxent. The fog had  
 by this time become somewhat lighter but here close to the  
 surface of the water, which was cold and filled with floating  
 ice, the fog was quite dense. It made the river look  
 very pretty. On account of the rain the river was quite swollen  
 and muddy. It was for this reason too, that we made this  
 trip, and to see the Cascades. We soon reached them.  
 How pretty they looked with the water rushing over:  
 How wide the brook had become, and the pool at the  
 base of the cascades! Here our attention was attracted by

a dark animal swimming on the surface of the water. I noticed that it was black, that it had a very broad tail and that it was about 15 to 18 in long and quite broad - for its length <sup>too much so</sup> to be a fish or an eel or snake. But when we got close to the pool, whether it saw us or heard us, it suddenly went below the surface and although we waited quite a time it did not reappear. Here we were treated to a little shower, the rain falling down very fast but very fine, <sup>for about 15 min.</sup> We now went up to our spring, cleared it of all leaves, found in it a little mint and many little shrimp like animals. We now started for our camp. Our little dog had all this time kept us company, although somewhat shy of us; <sup>from</sup> at O. L. he had been followed by 2 other dogs and the three seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. When we again reached the bridge we stopped to watch ~~the~~ the ice and dogs falling over the dam. How afraid the little animal was crossing the bridge! Mr. W. thought he would carry him. It would have been well perhaps if he had. As it was he <sup>it</sup> soon reached the shore, and while we were looking at the river, he was making himself familiar with things around the mill.

After watching several logs being pushed over, for some would get stuck near the mill and a man was there pushing them over so that they would do no damage, we started up to the tracks. We now noticed that the dog was missing. We whistled for him but no dog was to be seen. We now heard a barking, and it seemed as if he had gotten <sup>into</sup> some place and could not get out. So I said, I would go down and see; just as I got down - out came the little rascal with a little white rabbit. Unfortunately one of the men (Mr. Clayton engineer) of the mill saw him. He came out very quickly exclaiming "That dog has got one of my rabbits". The dog ran up to the tracks and put <sup>down</sup> the rabbit ~~and~~ biting it as if he intended to eat it. In the mean time <sup>the engineer</sup> he asked us whose dog it was. Learning that it was not our dog and that he had followed us, he picked up a rock; the dog seeing this leaves the rabbit and runs down the track, the rock struck the dog on the back, the dog then turns about only to get another in his side and is thrown down the embankment and seeks shelter in the same place where he had gotten the little rabbit. Mr. C.

then told us how the cats had gotten the other young and now  
 this the last one had to be killed. We felt very sorry for  
 the dog, we felt sorry for the rabbit; but rather than see the  
 poor animal pelted by stones Mr. W. suggested it would be  
 better to shoot him. It seemed though that as long as the  
 dog did not belong to us, they (for Mr. C. had left us and  
 called the head-miller Mr. Philipp, and we learned later that  
 the rabbits really belonged to his little boy, who soon appeared  
 with a rifle and another man), would take the matter into  
 their hands. We did not care to wait longer so started up  
 Hilton Av. Soon we heard the report of the rifle and the  
 howling of a dog then another report and all was quiet. Later  
 there came another still louder report. We now cut into  
 the woods stopped at "the rocks", took our boards <sup>left there last time</sup> and  
 started for the camp. We felt very sad about the poor dog and  
 could not put him out of our minds. We soon reached the cas-  
 cades at Bandle camp - how magnificent these were, never  
 had we seen the brook as broad as to-day, and such a volume  
 of water gushing over. We stopped and admired for a long time  
 then slowly made our way to the camp. Reaching it we started

\* While getting water at the brook near by we were attracted by the musical notes made by the water falling over a small cascade

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a fire and ate our dinner\*. After dinner we started on an exploring trip. Across <sup>the little brook</sup> from our camp we noticed quite a broad path (way) through the woods; this we followed and found that it led to a farm. While gathering wood a large green bug was noticed and also a snail crawling over some dead leaves. We <sup>had</sup> reached camp a little after 12 o'clock not long after the sun broke through the clouds and the rest of the afternoon was beautiful. About 5.30 we started for home, returning by way of O.G. By the time we left the ravine it was quite dark. Venus was shining brilliantly; soon other stars came out, shining so clear and distinct <sup>that</sup> we stopped to admire the constellations and remarked what a beautiful evening! Towards the south-west, however, I noticed frequently flashes as of lightning. Reaching the mill we learned that the dog had been shot first shots not taking much effect, being hind shot, he was finally killed by with a revolver. We now started up Hilton Ave. The avenue being so muddy, we many times had our rubbers nearly pulled off our shoes. The flashes noticed before in the south-west, were now also noticed towards the south and south-east and later far towards the north-east. Clouds which

had been noticed close to the horizon gradually crept higher and higher and soon the entire sky was overcast. A strong breeze was blowing and, fanning our faces, felt delightful. Before reaching the car we felt along with the breeze at times a very fine drizzle. We were not long in the car when it began to rain and by the time home was reached it was pouring down. This rain continued the entire night.

79 Jan. 27, 1900. The weather during the past week, up to Thursday evening, was very mild, one day the thermometer reaching  $63^{\circ}$ ; but on Thursday, late in the evening there came a decided change <sup>and very windy</sup>. Friday was a very cold day, the thermometer going as low as  $21^{\circ}$ .

To-day it is cold, too, but not windy; a most beautiful day. We met at the Catonsville terminus at 8.30 A.M.. I reached the place first, Mr. W. came on the next car, loaded down with a heavy roll of zinc, which was to be put on our roof. We went to the ravine our usual route. On our way we stopped at our <sup>recently found</sup> newly made (?) spring, cleared it of leaves and made plans to fix it up in the near future. On account of the cold our brook was again putting on its winter garments - here and there it was quite frozen and whenever it

dashed over rocks many beautiful ice formations helped to  
 make the scene more beautiful. We soon reached our  
 camp, built a fire and placed our soups (for we had 2  
 kinds) near it to warm. The sun was shining beautifully  
 and our camp is so protected, that we soon found our over-  
 coats unnecessary, in fact, we thought surely it had again  
 become much warmer. Later, on leaving our camp we found that  
 there was not the decided change we had been led to expect.  
 Our soups being warmed, although rather early, it not being 12 o'  
 clock, we thought we would eat and start work afterwards.  
 While eating we were surprised by the visit of a little gray  
 squirrel, he was very shy though and simply said "how do you  
 do" and scampered away. After dinner we put the zinc roof  
 on our house. It was while at this work that we were inter-  
 rupted by a passer-by; he, however, seemed not to have noticed  
 us and passed on through the ravine. One of our boards had  
 been split lengthwise in half while in transit, we stretched  
 the zinc and nailed its lengthwise along the edges of these  
 two pieces by this means we covered an area fully 4 feet square.  
 The other board was broken in <sup>two pieces &</sup> half, with them we covered the

rear of our roof and house snugly. This work finished we started  
 on our exploring trip. This time we intended going <sup>to the</sup> top of the  
 west side of our ravine. From our camp it seemed to be a high  
 plateau-like region. We therefore crossed our little brook, crossed  
 our recently discovered (wagon) path, and climbed slowly up the hill  
 going in a somewhat south-westerly direction. Reaching the top  
 we were greatly surprised to find another path, here and there filled  
 of cedar wood, and the woods greatly thinned out; not by the  
 hand of man but by one of Nature's destructive hurricanes. We  
 determined to follow the path. It went exactly along the  
 crest of the hill, following the divide separating the waters  
 flowing into our ravine from those flowing into a smaller one  
 running somewhat parallel to ours. Soon we came to where  
 a grand view of the rocks was to <sup>be</sup> ~~behold~~ <sup>had</sup>, and later to a  
 still grander view - one side was the beautiful Patagonia  
 and on the other our ravine. This view was really superb,  
 and one not soon to be forgotten. We soon found ourselves  
 at the Observatory. While here a little rabbit bounded out  
 of its hiding-place. (Could the dung on the rocks be  
 rabbit's?) We now retraced our steps and as it was still

Mr ~~Hutchins~~ Cooney

early decided to follow the path in the opposite direction. The piece of scantling brought on a former occasion was now taken along to be made use of in our building; we found also an old woodman's mallet, this, too, was taken along. We found that one path led to the farm, where the other path ~~also~~ terminated, this one, continued past the farm; we followed <sup>our</sup> it till we reached a rather forlorn and dilapidated cottage. The good man\* of the house was splitting wood, saluting him, he came forward. We found him very friendly. His place lies very high and from it he showed us different paths, which we hope in the near future to make use of. We were somewhat surprised to find ourselves so near to Elechester. The monastery could be seen quite below us. In the opposite direction Cumberland Dugan's house on the road to Elechester could be seen, and almost north of us Valiant's house near Fredericks Road was to be seen. It was getting towards sundown and we decided to return to camp. Before leaving we had built up the fire with a no. of well-seasoned pieces of wood. Returning, although gone for 2 hours we

found our fire burning nicely. In a little while we had toasted bread, which we ate with relish. It was now quite dark as we packed our things away. By the time everything was put away and we started homeward it was very dark; but we moved slowly and within an hour we were at the water works, from which all was plain sailing. The stars were shining brilliantly. We reached the terminus about 7.15 P.M.

Feb. 3. 1900. The weather since last Saturday has been decidedly wintry. On Sunday we had snow. After the clearing away of this storm it became very cold. Each day a little colder than the day before until Thursday when the thermometer registered  $6^{\circ}$ . Since then it has moderated somewhat. To-day, although still below freezing, <sup>it is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>very</sup> much warmer. We met at Catonsville terminus at 8.30 A.M. Our trip was again to the ravine, to our house, this time we hoped to finish it. I brought with me a number of pieces of scrap tin. A little beyond Valiant's, we saw a lot of old sporting, we selected a nice piece to take with us. The brook was again frozen, and here and there on the north sides of hills we still found a little snow. We soon reached our house and at once started the fire.

It did not take us very long, for we had a nice lot of dry wood which had been kept in the most protected part of our house. Mr. W. had brought some peanuts, with <sup>them</sup> which he wished to try an experiment - he hoped our little squirrel might eat them and that we might entice him nearer our house. After our fire was started, we made a little exploring trip. We found a nice lot of kindling wood and several excellent pieces of bark. We tried to remove the bark from some fallen trees but with very poor results. The day was an ideal one, the sky was of a beautiful dark blue, the sun was shining so brightly, every "now and then" a clear sharp sound as like the breaking of rock or the splitting of ~~the~~ well seasoned wood was heard. At first we thought perhaps some one else was in the wood, but we soon learned that the sounds came mainly from the brook and that it was the frost at work. Time passes very quickly engaged in this pleasant way. Soon it was 12 o'clock and we were feeling very hungry. We went back to the house, cooked coffee, toasted our bread, and made a very hearty meal. After dinner we started on the roof and in the course of the afternoon man-

aged to fire the eastern side of it. Towards four o'clock we stopped work, put our things away and started for home.

Before leaving we examined the peanuts but they had not been touched. Near an opening in the ground were a great many honey mts which had been gnawed open by squirrels. We examined them and remarked how nicely some of them were balanced on a projecting piece of root. Our little squirrel no doubt had his home ~~in this hole~~. very near. Going home we took the new route over the hill and towards Thistle Mills.

Our path led us into Thistle Glen Rd, some distance below Mr. C. Dugan's pretty home. Passing the old negro's shanty we found it in ruins, probably torn down for we saw nothing charred. We reached the terminus at 6 o'clock.

81. Feb. 10. 1900. We met at the usual time (8.30 a.m.) at the Catonsville terminus. Our trip was again to the ravine and to our house. Passing the heap of old tin we each took a supply. The morning was partly cloudy, yet at this time. When we reached our new spring, Mr. W. could not refrain from examining it, clearing it of leaves and making its basin somewhat larger. While he was thus engaged, a great num-

her of birds, playing high in the tree tops attracted my  
 attention. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.  
 Although I watched them for some time none approached  
 close enough, to get a good description. They would climb  
 about the trunk of the tree, clinging to the bark, and  
 seemed to peck at the it. The underside of the little fellows  
 was gray, the upper part of the body blue, being darker near  
 the head and throat. Occasionally one would fly, and have  
 its body illuminated by the sun, at each time there would  
 be a flash of blue. I would have been glad to <sup>have</sup> watched  
 them longer, but they must have become aware of our  
 presence for they soon flitted farther and farther away and  
 were lost from sight. We now went to the house.  
 As soon as fire was started, we began our work.  
 By 12 o'clock we had the roof finished. First, <sup>we put on</sup> pieces of  
 tin, afterwards covering with large pieces of bark. It did  
 not take us long to learn how to bark old trunks. Our  
 trouble had been in not cutting deep enough. We now  
 were able to get large pieces four and five feet long.  
 In taking the bark off some trees, a very sweet odor was

noticed. Whether this was peculiar to the tree, or due to the fungus growths, I failed to learn. While taking <sup>one</sup> piece of bark, a large portion of the wood was removed at the same time. Under this large slab were a large lot of <sup>hickory</sup> nuts; all gnawed into and the kernels removed. I noticed that all were gnawed at the same end - that end which is attached to the outer covering, and through which the ducts that nourish the nut enter, and not the end through which the radicle comes. The reason for this is probably that the ~~nut~~ kernel widens, and takes up more space from the end they open - a small opening therefore enabling them to get out all of the kernel. It may, however, be <sup>also</sup> that this end is softer. At 12 o'clock we ate dinner. After dinner we took a trip to the Observatory. When we returned we got more bark, and with it lined the <sup>inside</sup> of our house, <sup>facing the east</sup> on the eastern inside. We noticed one little squirrel once during the forenoon. The peanuts had not been touched. Before noon it had become cloudy and remained so the rest of the day. We left our camp about 6 P.M. On Frederick Ave. when quite near the terminus we

bottom  
of  
V

met the pump house keeper, who was on his way home. Questioning him, if he ever was troubled by tramps, we learned that two robbers had built a bunk in the ravine near the stream, and that it had been seen by Mr. Solles. We learned that the robbers had been committing depredations in the neighbourhood, stealing chickens, hams and other things. He had not seen the ~~house~~<sup>bunk</sup>, nor could he give us any kind of description of it. It had been there, though, he said, about a month.

§2. Feb. 15. 1900. With the exception of 2 cold snaps, one at the end of Dec. when the thermometer went down to  $12^{\circ}$ , and one at the beginning of Feb. when it went down to  $6^{\circ}$ , the winter has been quite mild. Due to this, I felt somewhat restless to pay a visit to the haunts of the Skunk Cabbage, to see if it were not in bloom. So to-day, immediately after the close of school, I took the cars to Brooklyn, walked out the Annapolia Rd, and then out the first road leading towards the river. On this road I passed several large pretty patches of Chickweed; examining them closely I found quite a number of the delicate little flowers. *Stellaria media* is therefore, the

<sup>first</sup> plant found in flower this year. Passing the little run  
 I noticed, that the air seemed laden with the perfume of  
*Symplocarpus fortidus*. This, however, was not the place  
 where I knew it to grow in profusion, so kept on out the  
 road. While examining a plant (*Paraxaenum*) to see if it had  
 buds, I noticed a little grasshopper in the larva stage, the poor  
 little thing must have been very cold, for it allowed itself to  
 be picked up and chewed but very little activity. I even  
 reached the swampy ground where *Symplocarpus* grows so  
 plentifully. Entering the place, following the little run, which  
 soon divided into a number of branches and spreads over  
 a wooded swamp, I was somewhat surprised to see a  
 little snake (<sup>between</sup> ~~about~~ 2 ft & 30 in l) sunning itself. He too seem-  
 ed quite torpid. I came very close to him, but he seemed to be  
 in no humor to move. I took a little stick, and rubbed  
 his head, he did not seem to mind this and I thought, liked  
 it. I then rubbed the side of his neck and then the side  
 of his body, all this time talking to him. When I began  
 rubbing his neck, he began stretching forth his long bifid tongue  
 and suddenly, without further warning struck towards the stick.

(24 Feb. 99)

turning in the direction that I was standing. He seemed to be very angry and each time I touched his neck he would coil himself and strike, opening his mouth very wide, showing it to be beautifully pink tinted. He did this a number of times. I now got a somewhat larger stick and with it pressed his head a little firmly. He seemed now to see the uselessness of his angry spirit — that it had not the desired effect of frightening away his assailant —, he seemed also to think that he was the one that had a right to be frightened, for now he no longer wishes to strike but begins to move slowly, yet as fast as he could no doubt, away. I followed him a little distance, then left him go his way.

I was now where <sup>last yr.</sup> ~~last yr.~~ <sup>x</sup> *Sy. floerupii* grew so profusely; it is a well protected spot, yet, after a <sup>careful</sup> search I found but one place in which were growing probably a dozen plants. Quite a number of these seemed frosted (?), cutting open the <sup>of several</sup> spathe of these, I noticed that the spadix, too, was frosted and the anthers were unusually swollen, no pollen, however, was noticed. Some plants had as many as 3 blooms. I now went farther into the swamp, and finally reached

that swampy woodless area lining the shore of the river.

What was my surprise to find here, although much more exposed, hundreds of these plants in flower! Many of them growing out of water <sup>or</sup> several inches in depth and none of them floated! (Could this possibly be caused by some disease [fungus]?) Gray states that the spathe are nearly erect, this is true of those that grow where there is no surface water, of those plants growing in water, the spathe are of sufficient length to carry the spadix well up out of the water - one that I measured had a stalk 4 in. in length. Here I noticed one plant, with its leaves quite advanced - they were dotted with purplish specks. Scattered all about the place were many of the conical leaf-point protectors.

Throughout the swamp were hundreds of the old fronds of the Chain Fern, as I rubbed against these, myriads of spores were disseminated. I was agreeably surprised to find near to a hollow tree many nests which had been gnawed open by a squirrel. At another place I found the remains of a <sup>hornet's</sup> wasp nest. It seems that these nests are completely destroyed during the winter by the winds and the

storens. The shrubs adjoining the open area were clothed with the pappus of innumerable seeds - the fine hairs had been held by the rough bark. I now reached a pretty little path which followed the edge of the swamp, it led into the broad road which at a somewhat higher level follows the and overlooks the river.

I now started for home which I reached about 6.15 P.M.

83. Feb. 17, 1900. We proposed to-day, before going to our camp to visit Mr. Sollers, who had seen the robbers and knew where their bunk was. But, yesterday, although our Weather Bureau had predicted clear weather, it began to snow, and continued almost incessantly all day and all night, we, therefore, concluded not to see him to-day, but go at once through the ravine and to our house.

We met at the usual hour and at the Catonsville terminus. There was now fully 6 in. of snow on the ground, it was snowing and looked as if it would continue throughout the day. We each had rubber shoes on but these would avail very little in the deep snow. I therefore suggested that we tie bagging around our feet

An old bag was even gotten; this was cut into 4 parts. We first tied our pants closely around our ankles, then with the bagging enclosed our feet, ankles and lower parts of our pants, the bagging reaching fully half way to the knee. This was tied tightly whenever necessary and effectually kept out all snow. We were now ready, and before long were on the path leading through the wood and down to the ravine. Here, were no longer trails of human beings. There was one trail, however, and it baffled us for some time, for we thought at first some person had gone over the path to the pump-house. At one place, where I saw it go up a hill, around a tree and then back again, I said to Mr. W. this surely can't be made by any person. It was so narrow and ran along so evenly, almost as if a log had been dragged along. We walked in it following it, then would look back and noticed how different our trail was. But that it followed the path, along which people go, still kept us thinking that it was not an animal's trail. We soon found that it left the path it had kept along so long and entered the wood, and saw me

soon saw too, that nothing but some animal could have made the trail; how close it went to tree trunks, when the boughs of the tree would have made a person walk around; how it ~~it~~ crept under a wire fence, how it went to the brook. We noticed on the opposite side where the trail continued. Here, too, we had to give up the trail for we could not follow, without much risk of getting wet feet. The rocks were there, but looked very treacherous indeed, with their thick covering of snow. How beautiful the brook looked with its many islands of pure white snow! We now continued along the side of the brook. We had not gone very far when we heard the sweet music of some happy bird. We stopped and listened. How sweet it sounded out in this snow-covered wood and the snow falling! We heard it repeat its song which consisted of but a few notes several times but failed to see the bird. We continued our tramp, stopping frequently to admire the many beautiful scenes around us. Before reaching our new spring we noticed another trail, similar to the one already noticed, it too led to the brook.

\* This we might easily have done had we had our rubber boots. I think, however, our way of fixing the feet the best for tramping through deep snow.

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crossed<sup>it</sup> and continued on the opposite side. We, however, found no safe way to follow. When quite close to our camp we kept close to the edge of the brook and finally found a good crossing place. In a little while we were in our house. Here, everything was ~~at~~ we had left it, and most important of all our wood was perfectly dry. In a little while we had a fire. It, however, was not the success, we had looked for, and learned many things which we could readily have arranged to make a stay on such a day more comfortable. As it was we had no reason to complain; our fire kept burning and when we were liberal with our wood it kept us quite warm, unfortunately we had not enough wood stored and it was entirely out of the question to get any. We had a nice piece of rubber cloth stored away, which would have kept the snow from flying into the front of our house and into the fire - but it unfortunately was hidden this day too snugly. All these little matters will be arranged better next time. As soon as our fire was burning we took off the bagging, for it was becoming very wet <sup>on account</sup> ~~near~~ of the heat. How quickly the time <sup>passed</sup> - we had been kept

\* Did it wish to take shelter in our little hut?

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so busy - Mr. W. splitting wood and tending to the fire, and I pushing the snow away from ~~and~~ in front of the house, to get the hatchet and the cups that already it was 12 o'clock. Mr. W. now thought it time to get water ready for coffee, this was done by melting snow and took quite a time. By the time coffee was prepared, bread toasted and our dinner was eaten it was 2.30 P.M. We, however, frequently looked out of doors, and admired the beautiful winter scenery. Every now & then the bough of a bush on which was a heap of fleecy snow would bend with the weight and down would fall the white cloud, many times <sup>causing</sup> making other branches to bend and unload their burdens. How unfamiliar everything looked before us! It was the same yet how strange! What attracted us most while at our house was the close approach of a little bird. It flew about <sup>an up-rusted</sup> tree and seemed to disappear in a hole under it, only to reappear and fly to another tree. All the afternoon it was somewhere about. After dinner we dried our leggins and again fixed up our feet. By the time everything was put away and we were ready to leave it was 4.30 P.M. We now thought of going

\* From which we usually get our water.

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to the Observatory. We started on this trip but before long concluded it wisest to forego this pleasure, for the snow on the hillside was very deep, reaching up to our knees, and occasionally beyond. Our little brook, was nearly covered, here and there, only, being openings through which it might be seen. We therefore, retraced our steps and started, homeward taking the route we had come. We went at once to the brook, which we crossed at first place available. How high the many white islands stood out of the water! Before long we reached the place where the crossing had been made in the morning. Our footsteps had nearly been obliterated, but enough remained for them ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> still be noticed. We followed these tracks, reaching the terminus about 6 P. M. and arriving home about 7 P. M.

<sup>84</sup> Feb. 24, 1900. We met at the Catonsville terminus at the usual time. The morning was partly cloudy, the sun only occasionally being seen. We intended, first of all, to visit Mr. Sollers and hear what he had to say about the bunk he had seen. As we were about to leave the station I saw a man watering his horse and noted his resemblance to Mr. B. S. Questioning him, we

\*The boots no doubt were a small roll of tar paper, the overcoat no doubt an old curtain which had been put up to keep out the snow.

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soon learned that he was the man we wanted to see. He soon gave us all particulars, described the hut and the place where it was; and we learned, only too well, that our retreat was known. He told us his boy had been there, only a few days ago and had seen in it a pair of boots and an overcoat\*. He didn't seem to know much about it being the work of robbers, thought perhaps boys had built it.

We now went our usual route towards the pump-house, followed the road to the dam and then to Mr. Tyson's house. Here we got our bearings, learned where Mr. S.'s place was and saw the chimney of his house through the trees, and learned also where Mr. Kuhn's <sup>convey</sup> place was. Crossing Mr. P.'s <sup>field</sup> place we found *Draba verna* in great profusion. We took the direction towards K's. On our way we passed a very large and beautiful beech. Its leaf buds were greatly elongated and the tree was therefore almost leafless. Later, while in the ravine, in a part nearly covered with beeches, we see the ground almost covered with the leaves - another fall has arrived, and nature again spreads over the ground a clean carpet.

Near this large beech we startled a covey of partridges.

Proceeding towards the woods we noticed a number of paths. Nearly all of these were followed and their directions learned. One path led to a spring. Close to this spring is the wide cut through the woods made by the Boulevard Co. After spending a little time thus investigating we started for the camp, which we soon reached. We at once ~~made~~ made a fire. While the soup was warming up, I made a little trip in search of plants, finding several specimens of mosses and liverworts - Pine-tree Moss (*Climacium*), the fern-like moss in fruit, another with apparently similar fruit yet otherwise very different. When I returned we ate dinner. While eating dinner, we were suddenly surprised by the approach of two wood-cutters. They apparently did not see us; they approached within 100 yds <sup>from</sup> of us and began cutting at a fallen tree, when suddenly they noticed our fire. They had made about one or two cuts, ~~now~~ without a word they stopped at once, faced about and silently and quickly ~~left~~ the place. In a few moments they had disappeared. After dinner we decorated our place with a number of large bones found a short distance in the wood. Our fire was then stacked up with a lot of ~~wet~~ wood,

and we started for Orange Grove. On the river road in front of Mr. B's. I collected a mouse in flower. It was getting late, and as we had a desire to see our camp fire again, thought rather than go farther to return by way of Hilton Ave. and the "Rock". These were not so readily found. We, however, at length found them and then started for our camp. On this ~~route~~ trip through the woods we noticed a little <sup>elliptical</sup> ~~placed~~ laid off by driving little sticks into the ground. The wind, which had been gaining in velocity, was ~~now~~ now blowing with great violence, coming in squalls. It was not a very cold wind, and delightfully tempered the atmosphere which had all-day been quite close. How it moved the giant trees and what a roaring noise it made!

We greatly enjoyed the experience, but felt glad there were no leaves on the trees which would have offered much resistance and would perhaps caused some trees to be uprooted. When we reached the camp, <sup>we found</sup> our fire was nothing but a bed of hot ashes. It now began to rain and continued till late at night. We went, homeward, over our new route, reached the terminus a little before 7, and home before 8 o'clock.

End of 1900

85.

Mar. 3. 1900. To-day we began the second year of the keeping a record of our "Tramps"; and, although we did not think of this important event early in the day, later when we did think of it we noticed that quite a number of places visited to-day were also visited one year ago.

We met at Catonsville terminus at the usual time, proceeded at once towards the pump-house, then to Tyson's; cut (through the woods and across the field) towards S's. In the woods we met Mr. K. <sup>coming</sup> hauling away the wood he had cut. Young saplings of Tulip (Poplar) and Hickory resemble each other very much at this time of the year, I can distinguish them very readily by examining their terminal buds, the Tulip Poplar's being long and slender and of a reddish brown color, whereas the Hickory's are almost globular and of a dull brown color. To the casual observer ~~this~~ <sup>these</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>these</sup> <sup>like</sup> they are alike. Near Mr. K's wood-pile was standing a young Tulip-poplar, Mr. W. asked is this T-p. or H.? On looking at the buds I said Tulip-poplar.; He then asked Mr. K, who did not answer at once but took the tree bent its top until the two stems could no longer

stand the strain and broke. "That is Poplar", he said then, "Hickory will bend but never break". I thought afterwards what a grand scientific way of distinguishing these two trees. To many farmers however, trees are simply an eyesore; only large fields <sup>a course of</sup> delighting their eyes.

When quite close to Mr. S. place we noticed him coming out of his field and walking along the path towards the Observatory. He told us that he had bought all the fallen wood; he, too, had cleared the open cut for the Boulevard Line. He was now on his way to look up one of his woodcutters. We had noticed during the past week several places where wood has been cut and set up to dry, to-day we noticed even more of <sup>them</sup> it.

We now left Mr. S. When quite close to the Observatory we met a man with an ax. As soon as we saw him we recognized him as a S. Upon inquiry we learned he was Mr. S.'s brother. He told us, too, about the bunk that was built, but unfortunately the conversation drifted and we failed to question him closely about it. He told us that this place (our Observatory) was called Buzzard's Rock.

Here we noticed quite a number of long pods fallen from *Isleditachia triacanthos* - one measured 16 inches and had 25 seeds.

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From the Observatory we went to O. G. and <sup>crossed the river</sup> <sup>with</sup> along the River Rd. We intended going to the swampy meadow where *Mertensia Virginica* grows and see if Skunk Cabbage could be found, None, however, was found.

It was now 12 o'clock, so we went up into the little ravine, close at hand, built a fire to toast our bread and boil our coffee and ate our dinner.

After dinner we retraced our steps, went up Walton Av. and cut into the woods towards the "Rocks". The afternoon was most delightful, so although we had a little trouble finding them - we came again very close to the railroad - our tramp over <sup>these</sup> new sections seeing various new scenes was a most enjoyable one.

The view of the river from the high hill, facing the railroad and at the beginning of our ravine was a grand one and rivals the one seen from the Observatory.

After examining the rocks and the little ravine on their right we started for our camp. - Camp Disappointment - as we have named it.

During the day I collected quite a number of Mosses, some beginning to flower, some in fruit, also a species of *Polytrichum* found on a decaying trunk, a very handsome species its under surface being a beautiful dull red color.



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